A

FUNERAL SERMON,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF THE

REV. PHILIP MELANCTHON WHELPLEY,

PASTOR OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE CITY OF NEW-YORK,

PREACHED IN THAT CHURCH

ON THE

26TH DAY OF JULY, 1824:

TOGETHER WITH AN

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT HIS FUNERAL.

BY GARDINER SPRING,
Pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church in said City.

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1824.

TO THE

ELDERS, DEACONS, AND TRUSTEES,

OF THE

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN WALL-STREET,

At whose request these services were delivered and are now made public,

THEY ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,

By their Friend and Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

New-York, July 26th, 1824.

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A FUNERAL SERMON.

JOHN xi. 25.

"*Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life.*"

You have invited me, my respected friends, to a service in which I feel a deep sympathy with you as an afflicted people. I know the heaviness of your hearts at the death of your beloved minister. I may not now open these sources of sorrow afresh: rather would I bind up these broken spirits, and stanch these bleeding wounds. I have stood with you by the side of yonder vault, and there seen you deposit the lifeless body of that man of God in the house appointed for all the living; and now, though we cannot wipe away all our tears, I would go out with you amid these adjacent graves, not so much to mourn and weep, as to be comforted and rejoice.

It needs but a single word to illustrate the original design of our text. During the days of his humanity, our divine Lord cultivated a delightful familiarity with a particular family in Bethany, composed of Lazarus and Mary, and her sister Martha. Lazarus appears to have been the object of his more ardent attachment; for when he was taken sick, his sisters sent unto Jesus, saying, "Lord, behold, he

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whom thou lovest is sick." Jesus knew what the event of this sickness would be, and how the Son of God would be glorified by it. After having remained two days still in the same place where he was, he said to his disciples, "our friend Lazarus *sleepeth;* but I go that I may awake him out of sleep." Jesus spake of his death; but his disciples thought that he had spoken of taking rest in sleep. Then said Jesus unto them plainly, "*Lazarus is dead.* And I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe: nevertheless, let us go unto him."

No sooner had Martha heard that Jesus was coming, then she went and met him, and with strong emotion, exclaimed, "*Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. But I know that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee.*" Jesus was affected with this interview, and said unto her, "*Thy brother shall rise again.*" Martha saith to him, "*I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day.*" Jesus said unto her, "*I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.*" In this declaration, Martha placed confidence, and was comforted; and the issue of the whole was, that Jesus repaired to the grave where Lazarus was entombed, raised him from the dead, and restored him to his lately weeping, but now happy and rejoicing sisters.

"I am the resurrection and the life!"—Are there no sources of consolation here, that may convert all the gloom of this mournful scene into cheerfulness, and all its sorrows into joy? What an annunciation is this to be made to a world of sinners? What glad tidings are these, to be proclaimed to dying men!

In these two relations, I propose to consider the sentiment of our text. Jesus Christ is the resurrection and the life to men, in the first place as *sinners*, and in the second place as *dying men*.

I. He is the resurrection and the life *to men, as sinners.*

This thought relates to their *moral or spiritual resurrection.* The moral nature of men is vitiated and diseased. Not only are they destitute of holiness, but all their moral affections and conduct are sinful. By a very strong and appropriate figure, in which life is put for holiness and death for sin, an inspired apostle has affirmed, that they are "*dead* in trespasses and sins." When you survey the native character of this world's inhabitants, you behold men who are physically alive, but spiritually dead; their intellectual and animal eye is open, but the eye of their heart is closed; their bodily senses are acute and active, but their moral perception is obtuse and torpid as a stone. They are as destitute of holiness as a lifeless corse. They are dead in *sin*,—dead by their *own voluntary act.* "O Israel! thou hast destroyed thyself." With all the premonitions which the God of heaven has given them, they have rushed on their own sword; have plunged the dagger into their own bosom, and with the few remains of life they possess, have locked the gates of the grave upon their corrupted spirit for ever. Such are the character and condition of the whole family of man.—Melancholy survey! What a sepulchre is here! "The whole world lieth in wickedness." The whole world is a vast cemetery, not of putrescent bodies, but

of loathsome spirits, sunk in the abyss of moral corruption, weltering in their blood, and in the very grave of sin!

Over this moral sepulchre, the Son of Man proclaims, "*I am the resurrection and the life!*" His voice alone can reach these gloomy mansions. Where Jesus has not bidden the stone to be rolled away from the sepulchre, there, to the present hour, is nothing but the silence of the dead. No means nor motives can break this spiritual bondage, and infuse life and activity into the motionless spirit. As well might you hope to see the tenant of the grave himself bursting the clods that cover him and coming forth, as a man dead in sin, without the vital energy of his almighty voice, shaking off the slumbers of spiritual death. The world has seen the success of this experiment for six thousand years; and the result has been, that not a living man has been roused from this sullen stupidity and converted to holiness, without the power of Jesus Christ. We may challenge the records of infidelity and false religions,—nay, we may challenge the records of Christendom, to produce an instance of moral rectitude, where the risen Redeemer has not infused the life of God into the soul, and where its continuance is unsupported by the aids of divine grace. It is only when Jesus speaks that these desolations of spiritual death are repaired, and the dead hear the voice of the Son of God and live.

Many a time, and with an aching heart, have you surveyed the desolations of human apostacy; and the survey has been like the melancholy vision of the prophet, when he encompassed the valley that was full of bones. It was a fearful hour. Not a limb moved: not a voice sighed through the breeze. It

was silent as the grave, and every thing was hung round with darkness and death. And many a time have you stood the astonished and enraptured beholders, while the ensigns of death were removed—while the darkness was dissipated and the gloom chased away—while the breathless silence was disturbed, and there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone; and when you beheld, lo, the sinews and flesh came up upon them, and the skin covered them from above, and breath came from the four winds upon the slain, and they lived. Or, to drop the allegory, many a time have you stood in silent grief over the waste places of Zion, and surveyed an assembly of ruined sinners, where no relenting moment comes across their minds, no solemn thought of God and eternity enters their bosoms, no anxious sigh is wrung from their heart; but their neck is an iron sinew, and their brow brass. And you have beheld when those bosoms have been agitated with solicitude—when those heads have been bowed low—when those eyes have streamed with tears—when those lips have quivered with agony—when those hearts of stone have been broken and become hearts of flesh. And now, that the conflict is over, you have seen how those bosoms have become quiet and serene—how those heads have been lifted up—those eyes beamed with joy—those lips glowed with praise—and that heart which sunk in despair, rejoiced in hope of the glory of God. And when you inquire into the cause of this wonderful change, you learn that Jesus, being by the right hand of God exalted, hath shed forth this, which you have seen and heard. Jesus, by the omnipotent energy of his life-giving spirit, has been speaking to men

who were dead in trespasses and sins. By the omnipotent energy of his own Spirit, he has been asserting his prerogative as the resurrection and the life—effecting that which saints could not effect by all their prayers; which ministers could not effect by all their preaching; which the greatest mercies and the greatest judgments could not effect by all their combination; which common providences and special providences could not effect by all their variety; which wars, earthquakes, and plagues could not effect by all their severity and terror; but which his own sovereign influence can effect, as easily as he himself could command, "Lazarus come forth," when the chains of the sepulchre unloosed their victim, and all his habiliments of death were laid aside. But this leads us to the

II. And principal thought in the text, which is, that Christ is the resurrection and the life to men, as *dying men.*

This thought relates to their *natural* resurrection, or the *resurrection of the body.* Natural death is the consequence of spiritual. We see how mankind, from generation to generation, descend to the tomb. It is not easy to describe the sensations of commingled gloom, curiosity, and terror, as we trace out the tedious and mournful circuits of some venerable cemetery, or wander over the desolations which, for untold centuries, death has made in this apostate creation. But what must be the sensations of those, who, in the distant and last ages of time, discover not merely here and there a populous grave-yard, but behold this globe itself one mighty sepulchre?

Over what an extended empire will Death then maintain his undisturbed dominion!

And will the period ever arrive when this long slumber of the tomb shall pass away? Will that day ever dawn on the earth on which these graves will open—these tombs burst asunder—these cemeteries be emptied—this universal charnel-house heave as by a tremendous earthquake, and give up its dead? Blessed be God, that problems of such interest are of no difficult solution. Wherever time has demolished, the resurrection shall revive. Wherever death has been the conqueror, death himself shall be swallowed up in victory. The announcement made by our blessed Lord, on his way to the grave of Lazarus, has travelled down the descent of time in undiminished verity, and conveys its consolations to us, as truly as to the weeping woman, to whom they were first addressed.

The doctrine of the resurrection has not always been accredited by the wisdom and philosophy of this world. Among wise and learned pagans, some believed, and others considered it supremely fabulous. The Epicureans, the Stoics, the Platonists, the Pythagoreans, and even the Sadducees among the Jews, all either rejected, or entertained very confused ideas concerning it. And well they might, so long as they rested the evidence of such a fact upon the analogies of nature, the suggestions of unaided reason, or the traditions of men.

The analogies of nature are not indeed silent When we see the morning gradually breaking from the tomb of midnight, and diffusing its cheering light over men; when we see nature emerging from her wintry grave of silence and desolation, into re-

suscitated life and beauty; when we see the corrupted and putrescent grain bursting the clod that covers it, and lifting its prolific stalk above the ground; when we see the meanest reptile burying itself in unobserved retirement, that it may come forth into existence with new life, awake with new powers, and fly through the heavens in new splendour: a contemplative mind is ready to ask, Is there no mighty voice that shall break the silence of the grave, and once more inspirit the mansions of the dead? Is there no breath of heaven that shall brood over those dark abodes, and renew the life, and restore the vigour of that moral creation, whose infancy was barely awakened into existence, in the present world? Is mortal man the only being doomed to be the perpetual tenant of the tomb?

The suggestions of unaided reason are not silent. Since the body and the soul, at their original creation, constituted one entire being, it is not unreasonable to suppose, that when the shock of dissolution is past, the period will arrive when this undiminished existence will live anew, and the endeared companionship become unwasting and immortal. The idea of a future and everlasting state of retribution seems more naturally to involve than deny the future existence of the body as well as the soul.

The traditions of men are not silent; for there are not wanting those whose darkness was never illumined by the direct rays of revelation, who have embodied in their creed some indistinct conceptions of the revivification of the body.

But all these are rather the confused images of a gratified fancy, than the clear deductions of sober reason. The resurrection of the dead stands con-

fessed as one of the distinguished peculiarities of revealed religion. We repose our entire and unalterable confidence in this glorious truth, in the simple testimony of that God who "cannot lie."—"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: And though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." The Lord God "will swallow up death in victory." "I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death. Oh death! I will be thy plague; Oh grave! I will be thy destruction." "Thy dead men shall live; my dead body shall arise. Awake, and sing, ye that dwell in dust, for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead."

The force of the testimony in favour of the resurrection lies in that capital fact and that finished testimony of the Messiahship of Jesus of Nazareth,—his own resurrection from the dead, on the third day after his crucifixion. "If Christ be preached, that he rose from the dead, how say some among you, that there is no resurrection of the dead? If there be no resurrection of the dead, then is not Christ risen. But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man also came the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam, all die, so in Christ, shall all be made alive." Hence the apostles "preached through Jesus, the resurrection from the dead." "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also, which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him." "To this end, he both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and the living."—As the constituted King and Lord of all worlds, the Me-

diator himself announces, "I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of death and the grave." By virtue of this exaltation, already has he raised multitudes from the dead, as the evidence both of his power and his purpose; and we know he will continue to reign "till all enemies shall be put under his feet," and that the "last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."

With regard to the *circumstances* of the resurrection we possess some explicit information.

It will be universal. "All that are in the grave shall hear his voice." "There will be a resurrection both of the just and the unjust." "The sea shall give up the dead which are in it, and death and hell shall deliver up the dead which are in them."

It will be successive. "But every man in his own order: Christ the first fruits; afterward, they that are Christ's at his coming." "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power." "The dead in Christ," or all the godly who have died antecedently to the last day, "shall rise first;" then "they which are alive on the earth at his coming" shall "be changed;" and then all the wicked shall follow.

It will take place upon a given signal,—the command of Jesus Christ. "All that are in the grave shall hear *his voice*." "We shall not all sleep but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump, for the trumpet shall sound." "The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with the voice of the archangel and the trump of God."

It shall take place at the last great day. "I know," says his doubting sister concerning Lazarus, "that he shall rise again in the resurrection

at the last day." This is the will of my Father, that of all that he hath given me, I should lose nothing, but should raise it up at the last day."—Not until the close of time, when the world shall be ripe for the final harvest, and the character of every individual of the human family definitely formed and prepared for the final decision, will the summons go forth, the trumpet sound, and the dead be raised.

As to the *condition of the resurgent body*, several particulars are also disclosed.

It will be essentially the same body that was deposited in the grave. The idea of a resurrection implies the restoration of the same body that once lived on the earth. The scriptures furnish no countenance to the chilling thought of a literal annihilation in the grave. It is not a second creation of which they speak, but a resurrection, by which the animal frame is restored to life and activity, and reunited to its own sensitive and life-giving spirit. The same percipient and intellectual being lives, that lived before the separation of the soul and body at death. God can form the resurgent body so as to make every one conscious that when raised from the dead, he has the same personal identity he had in the present world. It is the same body that is born, that dies; and the same that dies, that shall rise again. Hence the Scriptures identify the resurgent body with unerring precision. "*This* corruption shall put on incorruption." The very design of the resurrection also demonstrates the identity of the body that slept with that which rises: —it is, that "every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done." All the examples of a resurrection which are on record, —the body of Christ, and the bodies of those who

came out of their graves at his resurrection, and which are set forth as the *pledge* and *first fruits* of the resurrection at the end of time, confirm and substantiate the idea, that the same body rises which died.

But while the bodies of men at the resurrection, will possess their essential identity, they will in many respects *be greatly changed.* While here on earth, they were constituted merely as a temporary residence for their immortal inhabitant, and participated in the evils incident to a vale of tears. But after the resurrection, they will be constituted altogether for another state of existence. The chaos and darkness which inhabited the grave, will then be lighted up into life, light, order, and beauty.

It is affecting to know when the bodies of men are deposited in the grave, they are deposited a mass of *corruption.* Disease corrupts and not unfrequently almost dissolves the human frame, before the tide of life ceases to flow. And no sooner does it cease to flow, than the form once so fair and beautiful becomes rottenness and death. We enshroud it in some hasty covering and hurry it away from the abodes of men; and lest it should offend or corrupt the living, dig deep in the earth, and leave it there among the clods of the valley. But though "sown *in corruption*, it is raised *in incorruption.*" When the voice of the archangel and the trump of God shall reach the receptacle of the dead, that corrupted dust shall be reproduced and re-embodied, and come forth never again to decay. Disease shall not invade, infirmity shall not waste, corruption shall not destroy it: but it shall rise to become the inhabitant of an uncorrupted, incorruptible world, and bloom for ever in regions of living immortality.

It is affecting to see, when the bodies of men are committed to the dust, what *dishonour* is cast upon these tabernacles of clay. Once they were cherished and beloved; once they sparkled in the circles of gaiety and splendour; once they commanded respect and admiration. But now their lustre is passed away. Their loveliness is fled. All that is due them is to give them a place where "the worm shall feed sweetly on them." O! this is a most humiliating reflection. When you visit the grave-yard, and behold one after another with cold and unmeaning ceremony consigned to its bosom; or when you see the heedless hearse bearing away its daily load; or when perhaps away from the decencies of Christian lands, you see the bodies of men launched from the common cart in heaps into the earth, or thrown into the public sewer, or cast upon the funeral pile; how deeply you feel the thought, "It is sown in dishonour!" But "though sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory." All its ignominy and reproach are wiped away in the grave. From that abyss of infamy it rises in beauty, brightness, and splendour, and is fashioned—what shall I say?—"like unto Christ's glorious body."—"There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead."

It is affecting when you stand at the mouth of the sepulchre to witness the *weakness*, the death, the clod-like inertness of the body, when it slumbers with the dead. Once it was life, motion, sprightliness, and activity; but what is it now? A corpse, a skull, a skeleton, a mere collection of motionless dust. But, what "is sown in weakness, is raised in power." That

primitive and youthful vigour, that activity and animation shall all be revived, and continue undiminished and unwasted to interminable ages. Then, and not till then, shall that proud label be imprinted on the human form, which the doating affections and lying imaginations of men have prematurely impressed on it, "always new, and ever young."

It is affecting when we enclose this body in the tomb, to see how all the tendencies of the human frame are irresistibly toward dissolution. It is "a *natural* body." It does not diminish the pensiveness of the reflection to say, that such is the course of all things in the natural world. This is the very fact which gives birth to our sorrows, that the bodies fostered with so much tenderness and care should partake of the universal decay, and themselves become undistinguished from the ruins that surround them. But in the resurrection, all these tendencies to decay shall be converted into active sources of life and immortality. "It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. What is the nature of spiritual bodies, it would be presumption in us to describe. That they will possess the same senses and the same organs which a natural body possesses, seems at least probable, but is not for us to determine. That they will be capable both of pleasure and pain, and that to an intense degree, can scarcely admit of a doubt. They shall be spiritual bodies, fitted for a spiritual residence, a spiritual employment, a spiritual eternity.

And must we interrupt this course of pleasing reflection, for the sake of specifying another particular in the condition of the resurgent body? I would

feign suppress it; but from the deep solemnities of the world to which the preacher and the hearers are hastening, I hear a voice, "Say to the righteous, it shall be well with him; say to the wicked, it shall be ill with him." The bodies of the righteous, and the bodies of the wicked, rise *to widely different allotments.* "The hour is coming, in the which all that are in the grave shall hear his voice, and come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation." All shall rise, spiritual, immortal, endued with capacities for happiness and misery, that are new and exquisite; but the line of demarcation between the righteous and the wicked shall then be drawn for ever, and the undiminished difference will be as wide, as deep, as everlasting, as the God of truth designs to define it, when he says, the one shall be the *resurrection of life*, the other the *resurrection of damnation.*

Lamentable and lamented change to those who die in their sins! Blessed, thrice blessed change to those who die in the Lord! It is a privilege to live, a privilege to die, a privilege to go down to the grave, thus to rise. There is no more gloomy spectacle than that which is presented in the mansions of the dead; and none more glorious than the assured prospect of such a resurrection. When this long night of death shall pass away, what spot on the face of the globe will present to our enraptured admiration, a view so grand and beautified, as some densely populated grave-yard! Even now, the anticipation gilds those gloomy regions with light and joy. We love to go out amid that apparently uncheering scenery, and mark its prospective glories.

We involuntarily throw our thoughts forward, and mingle in the joys of that morning, when over the tomb of this departed world Jesus shall announce, "*I am the resurrection and the life!*" The gloom of the spot on which we tread, passes away as we anticipate the hour, when all that are in the grave shall hear his voice and come forth; when this corruptible shall put on incorruption, this mortal shall put on immortality, and the saying shall be brought to pass, "*death is swallowed up in victory.*"

It is with some such sentiments as these, my respected friends, that we come to-day, to pay our last visit to the tomb of your respected and beloved minister. We have wept with you in your loss, and we now rejoice with him in his gain. How precious the thought, now that we have committed his breathless body to the grave, to know that he shall live again! Nor is this the only thought that brings peace to our bosoms. "The memory of the just is blessed." The fragrance of his good name embalms the air I breathe, and consecrates the place I occupy. The occasion seems to require some biographical notice of our departed brother. It will not be expected that I should more than briefly survey a large field, with all the special subdivisions of which you are as well acquainted as myself. While I note a few occurrences in his life, it is far from my intention to turn the narrative into mere eulogy. Eulogy is not needed in the presence of this congregation; it is not needed in the presence of God, who has already finally reviewed all the events of our brother's life.

The Reverend Philip Melancthon Whelpley was the son of the *Reverend Samuel Whelpley*, a respecta-

ble clergyman in the commonwealth of Massachusetts. He was remarkable from the first dawning of his boyhood, for an early maturity of talent, from which his friends augured the happiest consequences. His avidity for knowledge and taste in the selection of its purest sources, were observable at an age when other boys are usually governed by instinct and animal feeling only. His aspirations after excellence were as ardent as they were laudable; and it was evident to all observers, that he was to be a scholar and a man of literature, whatever else time might, or might not make of him. No unpropitious circumstances could repress his spirit of inquiry—no other avocations prevent his mingling with the learned who had left their intellect at least, enshrined and vocal in the temple of human science. I might indulge myself at large upon this portion of his character and history, if every thing of this sort, in this solemn moment, did not seem to me comparatively worthless.

The natural disposition of our departed friend was singularly composed, and well balanced; his temperament full of kindness; his heart true and firm in his attachments; and his feelings admirably regulated towards those who differed from him in judgment, and who in the cross currents of this life, might run counter to him, as he was steadily pursuing the path of apparent duty. The Apostle Paul notes the want of natural affection among the highest crimes. In our brother, the ardour and faithfulness of natural affection were in the highest degree observable; and were it proper, I could here refer to facts which evince a filial sentiment, that are rarely surpassed.

But the place in which I stand warns me against dwelling upon what are at best but mortal characteristics. I hasten to speak of what defined his character in the sight of God, and stamped it with excellence for eternity. Religiously brought up as he was from his infancy, his training led to more than a quick moral sense, until about his eighteenth year, when God was pleased to send his law in its power, as a sharp sword into his heart, and he became under the ministry of the *Rev. Dr. Richards*, in Newark, the subject of pungent and lasting convictions. I have heard him speak of this period, and these convictions, with a modesty and diffidence that were most exemplary and gratifying. In a revival of religion in the first congregation in that town, which took place shortly after this, he found that the Lord was nigh, not only to convict and to bruise, but also to pardon and heal; and, as he humbly hoped, he then submitted himself to the righteousness of God as a sinner, and sought and found mercy in the Redeemer. His evidences of conversion were ample, and he was received into the communion of that church a few months after.

From this period, his friends earnestly desired the consecration of his talents to the work of the ministry; a d the spirit of God. as we believe, made him feel, "wo is me, if I preach not the Gospel." He pursued the necessary preparatory studies, and was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Jersey at the early age of nineteen.

It was among his earnest wishes at this time, to devote himself to the work of a missionary of Christ into foreign lands. A lively zeal possessed him to bear the standard of the cross far away into the lands

of the aliens, to bring them under the saving dominion of his Lord. With a happy emulation of the example of *Brainerd*, he would have prayed to become a star, where the wilderness embosoms in its darkness the path of life, and the tomb of death to its wandering inhabitants. But the providence of God set up insuperable obstacles to the fulfilment of these wishes, and led him to make his first essays in the work of a minister of Christ in the spot where I now stand. He was then not twenty years of age, and you remember the enchanting appearance of his youth, the gracefulness of his manner, the elegance of his diction, the melody of his voice, and the eloquence of his thought. For myself, I must confess I have never known the man who filled the sacred desk with more *propriety* than he filled it, or who in the judgment of an intelligent and refined auditory, was more deservedly popular.

You soon selected him to be your pastor. He came a stripling into this most arduous field with only the God of David for his sufficient support. The rest you know. You know all the trials of his life, the circuit of his labour, the measure of his success. But you do not know the tears with which his couch has been watered, while he lamented over such multitudes who rejected his message: while he bewailed the lethargy of professors of Christ's name among you, while he saw evils he could not remedy, and poisons circulating which he knew must kill. You can never know to the true extent, how his heart rose in inexpressible emotion, when he felt the weight of his responsibility, and saw so many in this ancient fortress of the faith, in the condition of the church at Laodicea, and liable to the same commination. At

length it pleased God to hear his prayer, and about two years since, there was a partial out-pouring of the Holy Spirit upon this people, over which we trust there was joy in heaven. But the harvest was short. The season and approach of yellow fever turned this part of our city into a desolation, and when the time of labour returned, the soil had hardened, and little fruit was subsequently reaped from all the seed that was sown. Still, the spiritual interests of this church daily improved, and your pastor became more abundant in labours Since that time until he was suddenly arrested, the concern of his friends and the advice of his physician could not restrain him from working while it was called to-day. He has answered already for the manner, you are yet to answer for the effect of those labours.

But I hasten to the last weeks of his life. In the month of March he unexpectedly ruptured a blood vessel, and the hemorrhage was so great that his life was considered in immediate danger. He gradually recovered so as to be able to take a journey, but the eventual consequence of this affliction we now deplore. His mind was singularly calm from the first moment in view of his probable departure. His apprehension of the saving power of the doctrines he had inculcated was unclouded, and his confidence in Christ, our righteousness and strength, unshaken.

During the few days just before his death, he continued to express himself with unabated hope in the fountain of mercy which Christ has opened by his own blood. When apprised of his immediate danger, he said, "his own hopes of recovery had been feeble;" and when questioned as to his present views of this world and the next. he said, that "though he

could not boast of an unusual share of animal courage, yet he feared not the approach of death, if his labours were ended." At this period his mind appeared more than ever to be tenderly exercised for the spiritual welfare of his charge. He remarked that "if it were given to him to see the Spirit of God once poured out upon this church, and could be in a frame of mind suitable to it for a season, then he could gladly depart." Upon being asked in what peculiar aspect the heavenly world appeared to him now, and what encouraged his hopes, he remarked, that "the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory made known the hope of his calling, and the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints and his mighty power which he wrought in Christ when he raised him from the dead, and set him at his own right hand in the heavenly places." Among his dying exercises, the reading a portion of the 14th chapter of John's gospel had a place; and he again said, "he had no desire to remain, if his work was concluded."

Upon being asked three days before his death, as to the clearness of his views and hopes, he communicated, that although his mind was not filled with any distressing doubts. yet he had not that fulness of consolation which he desired." But the shadows gradually departed as he approached the light of eternity, until toward the close of life he used the strong language, that "*he had not a doubt.*" Among his last expressions. he was heard to say, "The Lord Jesus is near. The will of the Lord be done!"

His patience in his sufferings was wonderful; and the most delightful *humility* characterised his dying thoughts. Indeed this humility—this meek, submis-

sive frame of soul—this child-like receiving the precious consolations of the gospel and foretastes of the kingdom of heaven, are particularly to be noticed. He spoke of his "own unworthiness as a sinner"—of the "great imperfection with which he had served his Master," in most affecting terms; but said his "desire was rather to depart, if it were God's will."

He retained his consciousness, and the perfect exercise of his faculties to the last instant of time that the soul inhabited its clay; and the love of Christ, and peace of God, and light of heaven rested on him with increasing brightness to the latest moment.

When he took his farewell of his babe, and could do no more than lay his hand upon it, with strong emotion he uttered, "God be his father for ever and for ever!" And when he parted with his wife and could no longer speak, he took her hand and pressed it, and pointed with the other to heaven.—And thus he died!

Yes, thus he departed in the 30th year of his age, leaving a wife and two children, a numerous circle of relatives and friends, a beloved church and congregation, to bleed at the heart at each remembrance of his removal. God grant his blessing and guidance to the two little ones, before whom in the course of life, all dangers and trials stand! May the end show that the bosom of the church and the rest which Christ hath purchased remain for them!

But enough of this interesting and melancholy review. However precious his memory, his excellencies as a man, and a minister of the gospel, do but embitter the cup which our heavenly Father calls us

to drink. "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord!"

I wish it were in my power to utter a few thoughts of effective condolence to the bereaved family and relatives of our separated brother. I know, my friends, you weep and mourn. If the results of this visitation had been committed to us, we certainly should have ordered them otherwise. But you have not now to learn that they have been ordered by wisdom and goodness infinitely superior to ours. Our departed brother had lived long enough to accomplish the great end of living—to make his peace with God and lay hold on eternal life—to finish the work God had given him to do. And why should you either outwardly murmur, or inwardly complain? You may not "sorrow even as others which have no hope; for if you believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him." Say not that endeared form is lost for ever because it is enshrouded in yonder vault. Jesus "hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." He shall live again. In a little while he shall come forth incorruptible and immortal. Say not, no voice of consolation issues from the tomb. The separation will be short. The grave is the house appointed for all the living; and you too in a little time will rest with him beneath the bosom of the ground, and if you die in Jesus, will, we hope, with him be introduced to an uncorrupted and brighter world. It were enough that you possess a source of unutterable consolation in the wisdom and goodness of the Great Supreme, manifested not less in this, than milder dispensations. But you have more. You have a source of consolation, which the

world can neither give nor take away, in the thought that he who has but a little preceded you, possessed a good hope through grace, that he had found "acceptance in the beloved;" that while he felt "the earthly house of this tabernacle dissolving, he had a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." We can only commit you to the benediction of "his Father and our Father, his God and our God," imploring that all needed consolations may be made to "abound toward you by Jesus Christ!"

To this bereaved church and congregation, allow me in honesty and simplicity of heart, to utter a few brief sentences. Death has come among you, my friends, in no ordinary form. You have just buried your minister, and are now expectants of that glorious morning when he shall come forth from the grave in which he has been entombed, and meet you before the Son of Man. What he has been to you, and what you have been to him, and what both have been to God, will all be the subject of an impartial scrutiny on that decisive day.

Your minister cannot easily be forgotten. His vigilance, his patience, his exertion, his perseverance, his heroism, his fidelity, have left an impression on your minds which will not be easily effaced. He has not presented himself before you in this sacred place with the smooth and lying tongue of flattery. He has told you truths which many of you did not wish he should tell; he has made you feel what you did not wish to feel; he has made you fear what you did not wish to fear. Instead of singing the syren song, "Peace, peace, when God has said there is no peace," he has lifted his voice and brought home the

commination, "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." He has entered into the foundation of your hopes, exposed your sins, disturbed your tranquillity, and discovered the mark of the men who have "a name that they live and are dead." By his holy doctrine and his reproachless example, he has reproved you, and where he saw them, has testified that your deeds were evil. When I consider his youth and inexperience, his hardships and dangers, his constitutional pliancy and cheerfulness, the temptations to which he was exposed from your flattery and your frown, and the nameless allurements of this populous city, before which not a few of the standard-bearers of our Zion have fainted; I marvel that the grace of God has been sufficient for him, that he has been kept from falling, and that he has stood fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made him free. He has not counted his life dear to him so that he might finish his course with joy, and the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God. In this blessed work he finished his course, and has gone from it, as we humbly hope and believe, to take possession of his crown. His life and his death, his preaching and his practice, his course and his crown, will not be easily forgotten. Multitudes of you, my friends, this day bear the condemnation of having rejected his message. And you, in defiance of yourselves, can never forget your deceased minister. And if even at this late hour, when that tongue is silent and those eyes are closed in death, you do not recall the lessons he has inculcated; if you still go on in impenitence and live and die without God and without hope; the time will come when you shall know to your cost, that a prophet has been

among you. His visit among you is brought to a close; his work is done; he has gone to his rest; and you are left dead in sin. "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and you are not saved!" Your minister now lies a lifeless clod. But he shall rise again. Jesus will watch over that slumbering dust, and call it from its sepulchre to appear on the last great day before his bar. Then you will behold him. You have separated for a little time now; but it is to have another and most affecting meeting then. O what an interview when this people and their departed minister assemble before the judgment-seat of Christ! I beseech you, at this late hour, listen to the voice of your minister, as it issues from the tomb. "Being dead, he yet speaketh;" and as though God did beseech you by his pale and lifeless corse, this sad providence prays you in Christ's stead to become reconciled to God.

I remarked, your minister will not easily be forgotten. I will add, nor can his place be easily supplied. It will be a rare blessing, if the God of heaven should place in this pulpit a man who as a public preacher, supplies the vacancy made by the death of your deceased pastor. You will not be indifferent to this momentous object. Never was there a more mistaken policy, than that which induces a congregation from indifference to the object, or motives of economy, to defer the choice of a minister. After this painful bereavement, how much will you stand in need of one, who, by the influence of his preaching, prayers, and example, shall excite you to live to God —who, by his discretion, fidelity, and vigilance, shall strengthen and build up in the holy faith this ancient Zion—who, by his patient and affectionate exertions.

shall train up the young in the nurture and admonition of the Lord—who shall heal your wounds in the time of trouble—who shall accompany you by his prayers and counsel as you go down to the gates of death! But, for this wisdom is with you. You will feel the necessity, at such a crisis, of keeping the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace. If the adversary of souls can sow discord among your counsels, many a root of bitterness will spring up and trouble you. Walk with God therefore, my brethren, and he will walk with you. He will heal your breaches and build you up. He will never leave, nor forsake you. Spread your desolations before the eye of the Great Shepherd. Let your continued cry enter into the ear of the God of Zion, that he would be near to this mourning flock, avert the evils to which they are exposed, and speedily provide for them a man after his own heart. You may obtain a minister without asking counsel of God. But if you do, you will obtain a curse rather than a blessing; or if you obtain a blessing, it will only be to have him again removed to some other part of the vineyard, or torn away by the hand of death. Pardon me then, my friends, if I say, plead with God to give you, not this or that man—not a man of this party or that party, but *a man after his own heart.* Refer the choice to infinite wisdom. Commit it to the Great Head of the church, pleading with him that he would be pacified toward you for Christ's sake, and glorify himself in giving you a pastor *after his own heart.* Do this, do this humbly and with all perseverance, and Infinite Wisdom will in mercy choose for you, and give you the man you pray for; and he shall prove a rich blessing to you and yours, and you shall have joy in

the accomplishment of God's design, which no man taketh from you.

And now, my friends, we leave this interesting and affecting scene. Soon we shall all follow our departed friend to the world of spirits. These bodies must moulder in the dust, and rise again at the last day. And O! to die the death of the righteous, and that our last end might be like his! How blessed an event is death to the children of God! Can this vale of tears be compared with that world where all tears shall be wiped from every eye? Can this land of darkness be compared with that blessed world where the Lord is their everlasting light, and God their glory? "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection." Enter, my brethren, into the high and holy estimate of the apostle, and "count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus your Lord," for whom you may well "suffer the loss of all things, that you may win Christ and be found in him, not having your own righteousness which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith: that you may know him and the power of his resurrection; if by any means you may attain unto the resurrection of the dead." And why defer this momentous business another day, another hour? Why shall not the death of your minister prove the profitable epoch, from which you shall date the commencement of a happy immortality, and angels shall rejoice in your adoption into the family of the redeemed? I do entreat you, wake up your souls to this momentous concern now. By all the affectionate recollections associated with this funeral scene; by all the solemnity of the hour when you must take up

your abode in the grave; by all the splendours of that immortal morning when you shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and come forth incorruptible and immortal; by all that is tender in the mercies and all that is fearful in the judgments of that day, when you and your minister shall stand before the Son of Man; I beseech you, be prepared for another and a better world. O do not consent to live, and die, and be entombed, and at last summoned to the bar of judgment, without an interest in the crucified, risen, reigning, redeeming Saviour!

THE ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL.

It would evince a censurable insensibility, if when the righteous perished, no man laid it to heart. When Stephen fell asleep, devout men made great lamentation over him. It is not often, my respected friends, that death performs so sad an office as that which has called us to-day to this house of mourning. While we expect his commission to be executed without discrimination of age, rank, character, condition or office, rarely does he defeat so many expectations as were concentrated in the beloved man whose loss we all so deeply deplore, or sacrifice so many interests as have fallen a sacrifice to his unbending purpose in this visitation.

There is a veil drawn over this event, which no human vision can penetrate,—a cloud enveloping this dispensation, so deep and heavy, that faith herself with difficulty sees through it. A creature of God, suddenly arrested in his career, and brought down to the grave; a young man, esteemed and beloved by all who knew him; a man invested with no ordinary intellectual powers, and qualified as we trust by the grace of God, for distinguished usefulness in the world; the husband of an afflicted widow, who is tempted to feel that all her sublunary hopes

are about to be consigned to the tomb; the father of endeared children, whose immature years have not yet learned to appreciate their loss; the judicious counsellor, and efficient patron of some of the most happy designs of Christian benevolence; the minister of the everlasting gospel—the pastor of a bereaved church and congregation—a man holding the highest office in the gift of the King of kings, and already beginning to exert an influence on the intellectual, moral, and spiritual interests of his fellowmen, which will be felt through interminable ages;—all this, and more than this, has become the victim of this holy and inscrutable providence. What reason have we to look upward and say, "Clouds and darkness are round about Him?"

But is there no light dawning upon this scene of tears and darkness? While in prostrate adoration, we exclaim, "Clouds and darkness are round about Him," do we need the assurance, that "justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne," and "mercy and truth go before his face?" Is it necessary for us to demand, "Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?" What, though we are incompetent to the reasons which have governed the infinite mind in this melancholy result; confident are we it is just as full of wisdom and goodness, as of affecting and painful reality. "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice!" Who does not see the dominion of Jehovah here? How full of God! Be events then ever so disastrous and inexplicable, so long as they disclose the hand and heart of God, "Let the earth rejoice!" I call upon my own soul and yours therefore, under the sorrows of this bereavement, to "be still and know that it is God;" and whatever struggle it may cost

us, from our hearts to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord!"

The world we inhabit, notwithstanding it is so replete with the divine goodness, is devoted by the God of purity, the righteous avenger, to sorrow and death. Into no other section of his extended empire known to us, has death been allowed to enter. Heaven, with all its holiness and enjoyment, is immortal; hell, with all its moral pollution and misery, is immortal; earth only is mortal, and its every inhabitant under the operation of that original sentence, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." "As by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." There is scarcely an appropriate image or metaphor the Scriptures do not seize to impress this affecting truth; and as though it were the most unwelcome truth and the most reluctantly believed, they employ all the varieties of argument, illustration, assertion, announcement, and admonition, to enforce the salutary sentiment.

Truly, this is a dying world. Every object around us bears the marks of decay and dissolution. The globe itself has well nigh become a mighty graveyard, an extended sepulchre for the bones of its wasted and wasting inhabitants. It would seem as though almost every foot of ground inhabited by men, and doubtless no small part of that which appears to us to have been uninhabited, had been consecrated by the ashes of the dead. Almost from pole to pole, and from ocean to ocean, the subterranean earth has been arched by one continuous sepulchre. It is no easy matter for the imagination to grasp the mighty amount

of individuals which compose the different nations of men in one generation. But how many generations have succeeded one another in the long series of six thousand years, all descending to the tomb!

"How populous, how vital is the grave."

The period allotted to man in the present world is short. You have beheld the rapid flight of the eagle when she hasteth to her prey; you have seen the shooting meteor; you have stood on the summit of some lofty mountain, and seen the shadows fly over the distant plain; you have gathered the flowers of the field, and felt them wilt in the gathering; you have observed the vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. Such is the life of man! When you cast your eyes over the face of human society, how few are the hoary-headed! When you visit the land of your fathers, where do you find the multitude of your relatives, friends, and early associates?—inhabiting the venerable mansions of the living, or the still more venerable mansions of the dead?—crowding the scenes of youthful amusement and business, or noiseless and almost forgotten amid the clods of the valley? In what community, congregation, or family, is not an old man a rare spectacle? When you survey the bills of mortality from different quarters of the globe, how few are registered there, which survived the shock of seventy winters? As you run down the record, and descend to sixty, fifty, forty, thirty, twenty years, how is the amount accumulated? And as you come to ten and five years, you see how the largest half of the human race seem just to light on our globe, and then fly away to unknown regions. And with what indiscriminate

desolation does the King of Terrors pursue his course! The weeping infant and the playful child—blooming youth, vigorous manhood, and trembling age—grace, beauty, and tenderness—the prince and the beggar—Dives arrayed in purple and fine linen, and Lazarus at his gate—the vigorous and the enfeebled—the man of expectation and influence, and the child of misfortune and apprehension—the holy and the profane—the moral and the vicious—the thoughtless and the anxious—the self-deceived and the hypocrite—the minister and his people, have all become tenants of the tomb, all "lie down alike in the dust, and the worms cover them!" No elevation nor intelligence, no usefulness nor influence, no ties of friendship nor tears of friends, no means nor efforts, with whatever skill or assiduity they may be applied, can stay the ruthful blow, or prevent the undistinguished devastation.

I do not wonder this is an unwelcome truth. Who does not feel it a solemn thing to die! Deep and affecting must be the sensibilities of that hour. This wonderful machinery finishes its thousand operations, and the curious fabric is dashed and broken. These earthly bodies, now so full of life, activity, vigour, warmth, and beauty, are bereft of their genial spirit, and become a dead, cold, inanimate lump of loathsome matter, destined only to the narrow enclosures of the grave, there to waste away and become the food of worms. Revolting anticipation! Impressive must be the solemnities of that scene, where the day of grace and the space for repentance are brought to a final period—where the line is drawn that separates eternity from time, and beyond which there will be no change of character, but every one of us will

have received that indelible impression which lasts for ever! Unutterable must be the interests suspended on that moment which conducts this creature of immortality either to a happy or a miserable eternity—which introduces the liberated spirit to her career above the shining firmament, or to her fearful abyss, low as the blackness of darkness, and deep as the horrors of despair—where no light of mercy shines, no voice of ministers is heard, no entreating Redeemer cheers with his presence and smile, no watchful angels hover to bear away the enrapturing tidings of the sinner's repentance!

There is a wide difference between the death of the righteous and the wicked. "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness, but the righteous hath hope in his death." Amid the terrors of that scene, a revered Prince was once heard to say, "Although my house be not so with God, yet hath he made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure; and this is all my salvation, and all my desire." Amid the terrors of that scene, aggravated by the cruelty of his blood-thirsty persecutors, the first christian martyr, with the full glories of heaven opened to his vision, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God, could say, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit." Amid the terrors of that scene, the most exalted spirit that ever adorned the world could exclaim, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me at that day; and not to me only, but to all them that love his appearing."

And now contrast with these, the agonies of that scene from which the wicked sink into the pit of despair. On the eve of her dissolution, an ungodly Queen once exclaimed, "Millions of money for a moment of time!" Just at the moment of his departure from the body, a titled apostate once exclaimed, "O the pains of hell and damnation!" and then expired. Nay, contrast with these, the last sentence of many a sinner that dies from week to week here in our own city,—"O I cannot find rest! I am afraid to die!"—and then say, how happy an event is death to the people of God! how painful an event to God's enemies! Would you, my friends, die the death of the righteous, and desire your last end to be like his? Like him, you must possess that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord. Like him, you must possess a new heart and a new spirit. Like him, you must give the God of heaven the supreme affection of your souls, and delight in the law of the Lord after the inward man. Like him, you must renounce your self-righteousness and self-dependence, and rely alone upon the expiation for sin made by the Lord Jesus, as the foundation of pardon and acceptance with God. Like him, the life that "you live in the flesh" must be by "the faith of the Son of God, who loved you, and gave himself for you." The same mind must be in you that was in Jesus Christ. And then this blessed Redeemer dwelling in you—in all the purifying influence of his truth and grace and all the comforting influence of his presence and faithfulness dwelling in you—will strip death of his terrors, rob death of his sting, and the grave of his victory,—and "die *how* you will, *where* you will, and *when* you will,—for you to die is *gain!*"

It is *thus* the righteous meet the event of death with tranquillity and joy. It was thus, amid all the debility, and pain, and terrors of that fearful scene, that our dear departed brother found a comfortable release from his labours and trials in the hour of his dissolution. Death was no unexpected event to him. Though there was nothing in the last hours of our brother's life singularly triumphant, there was much that was peaceful and happy, and we trust he sleeps in Jesus.—But he is gone. We shall see his face no more.

My friends of this Church and Congregation! Look at that lifeless corse. There is all that remains of your minister. The hand of God hath touched you. It is but a few short years since God sent our beloved brother among you. How soon have his labours reached their appointed close! And now at this solemn hour, permit me to inquire, what benefit have you derived from the instructions your deceased minister has imparted? what from the example he has set before you? what from all the tender intercourse he has had with you in your chambers of sickness, amid your scenes of trial. around your beds of death, and from this sacred desk? What reception has his message met with? What account can you give when you meet him at the bar of God? What influence will his ministry have on you in another world? In a little time you will stand with him before that high and righteous tribunal. That event is near. And have you weighed well the import of that fearful reality? It is no illusion; that coming day is a day of realities.

My brethren in the Ministry! will you not look at that lifeless corse? There is all this world contains

of our beloved brother WHEELPLEY. Another of our number is gone to the world of spirits. He has gone to give up his account to God the judge of all; gone, to stand before the Son of Man; gone, to have the secrets of his heart disclosed; gone, to take his place on the right hand or left of the Judge, according to the character he formed in the present world. How solemn for a minister of the gospel to die! How unutterably solemn for a minister of the Gospel to appear before the bar of judgment!

And does not this solemn providence speak in tones of affecting admonition to you and to me? Who have a deeper interest in such an event, my fathers and brethren, than we who are ministers? We may not close the lips of this solemn providence, nor shut our hearts when they speak to us. It is not often that I stand in the presence of so large a number of the ministers of Christ. I feel the constraint of obligations, my brethren, on this occasion, which I may not disregard. Over the grave of our departed brother, let us not think lightly of any thing that pertains to the responsibility of our high office as the ministers of Jesus. And here I wish I possessed ability and self-denial enough, faithfully to discharge the duty this solemn scene imposes upon me. The afflictive providence which has bereaved us of this beloved brother, does speak in language which the church and the world hear, even if ministers will not hear. My fathers and brethren, if the light that is in *us* be darkness, how great is that darkness! Is there no evidence that even ministers among us, have a name that they live and are dead? And among those that live, how enfeebled is their spiritual existence? How little is accom-

plished for the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom, by the ministers of the Gospel in this metropolis, compared with what might be accomplished, if their love to God and man were more ardent, if they had fervent charity among themselves, if they did not count their lives dear to them, so that they might finish their course with joy, and the ministry they have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God.

Are there no evils in the midst of us, my brethren, which it becomes us to survey in this near light of eternity? Are there no strifes and divisions among us—no jealousies—no heart-burning rivalships—no chilling alienations—no sectional or congregational rivalships that will not bear the scrutiny of a dying hour? But I must not suppress the voice of this solemn providence. Is there no sinful conformity to the world—no lust of the eye—no pride of life, which is not of the Father? "Take heed to yourselves brethren, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares." Is there no sinful defect in our intercourse with each other? Would not Paul, and John, and Peter, have maintained a more spiritual intercourse? Did Brainerd and Edwards, think you—did Sutcliffe, Fuller, and Ryland, take no deeper interest in watching over one another, and building up one another in faith and purity? Oh, if they had been like ourselves, where had been their sacred enterprises for the salvation of men—where their humble walk with God—where the savour of their good name—where their happy influence on earth, or maturity for heaven? My fathers and brethren, Satan hath desired to have us, that he might sift us as

wheat. Believe me, the Lord is coming out of his place, to shake terribly the earth. "His fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather the wheat into the garner; but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire." And if there is a woe denounced against him that is at ease in Zion, woe, woe be to the minister of the Gospel who is found faithless! Be not deceived, my brethren: evil communications corrupt good manners. Awake to righteousness and sin not. Our profession and our office are of very little account, so long as they are not sustained by a corresponding devotement to God. If we say we have fellowship with him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth. But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship with one another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth from all sin. If we do not walk circumspectly and as wise, redeeming the time; if we are deceived in our hearts, and in our hopes; if we are stained by error or vice; let us not presume that we shall possess any official dispensation in the day that tries the characters of men, or that we shall evade the rigour and impartiality of that account which fixes the destiny of every man, according to the deeds done in the body.

I have no apology for this plainness of speech, except the lifeless body of our departed brother. Ministers, look at it. That silent tongue expressively indicates what will shortly be the termination of our course. A few more scenes of labour, faithful or unfaithful, and we die. We loved our deceased brother. He was to us a most affectionate brother. And now he is gone, does he not seem to allure us upward, and induce us to say, "Let us go away, that

we may die with him." Upward then be the tendency of our thoughts—upward the tendency of our habits—upward all our aspirations—upward our standard of piety and usefulness. I implore you, my brethren, by the solemnities of this affecting hour, by the heavy responsibility of our office, by the coming glories, and the coming wrath; to see to it, that the standard of ministerial piety and example be more elevated;—that you walk more worthy of your high vocation;—and that you possess a more vivid, deep, and habitual impression, that you watch for souls as they that must give account. And God grant that my own bosom may be excited, and my own lingering steps quickened by the considerations I address to you! O let us be more spiritual. Let us be more conversant with the realities of another world. Let us walk by faith. Let us labour with unfainting assiduity to finish the work God has given us to do!

Men and brethren, who are spectators of this solemn scene, what do you behold here? A man of God, who being dead, yet speaketh. To each of you he says, 'What will become of you after death? What have you to look for on the other side of the grave? Death will come; it may be suddenly, and find you unprepared. Behold, now is the accepted time.'—Does he indeed utter this? O that those pallid lips could once more address you! But I have done. I have no heart to speak. I cannot bring home to my bosom the painful reality, that this dear brother has gone to rest. Is it so, that we shall never hear that enchanting voice again, and never again in this lonely world, be welcomed by that cheerful smile? My soul be still, and know that it is God. Adieu, dear brother! Servant of God, farewell!